

One Hundred and Fiftieth
Anniversary
TOWN OF PAXTON
MASSACHUSETTS



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One Hundred and Fiftieth
Anniversary
OF THE
TOWN OF PAXTON^c
MASSACHUSETTS

Celebrated June thirtieth
1915

The Davis Press
Worcester, Massachusetts
1917

INTRODUCTION

THE first official act of the Town of Paxton toward celebrating the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its incorporation was taken at the annual town meeting, March 2d, 1914. In the warrant for that meeting was this article:

"To see if the town will vote to appoint a committee to make arrangements for the celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the town in 1915.

"Voted that the Selectmen be a committee to make arrangements for the one hundred and fiftieth celebration of the town and that they be authorized to petition the legislature for the privilege of raising money for same."

In January, 1915, the Board of Selectmen appointed the following general committee of arrangements: Henry H. Pike, Charles F. Flint, Henry C. Eames, Herbert S. Robinson, Ellis G. Richards, William J. Woods, Henry L. Green, and Herbert W. Estabrook.

February 20th, 1915 the Committee of Arrangements met in the Town Hall and organized with H. S. Robinson, Chairman, and Mrs. Roxa H. Bush, Secretary and Treasurer. The committee voted to hold the celebration June 30th, 1915, although the actual date of incorporation was in February.

Further action of the Town was taken March 1st, 1915 where it was voted to appropriate the sum of four hundred dollars to defray the expenses of the celebration.



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COMMITTEES

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS

| | |
|-------------------|----------------------|
| Henry H. Pike | Charles F. Flint |
| Henry C. Eames | Herbert S. Robinson |
| Ellis G. Richards | William J. Woods |
| Henry L. Green | Herbert W. Estabrook |

RECEPTION COMMITTEE

| | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Pike | Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Matthews |
| Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Graton | Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Pike |
| Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Richards | Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Derby |
| Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Dwyer | Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Durgin |
| Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Whitney | Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Crouch |
| Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Green | Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Woods |
| Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Clapp | |
| Mrs. C. F. Flint | Mrs. Stanley Race |
| | Mrs. N. M. Pratt |

PARADE COMMITTEE

Officers of the Grange
Edwin F. Crouch, *Chairman*

CHIEF MARSHALL

Frederick W. Flint

AIDES

| | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| Samuel L. Clapp | Samuel Van Wyck |
| Chester M. Rossier | Sylvester L. Eames |
| Edward L. Maccabee | Philip A. Pike |

USHERS

| | |
|------------------|------------------|
| Lillian Van Wyck | Ruth Graham |
| Marion Durgin | Elsie Perkins |
| Ruth Potter | Evangeline Dugar |
| Irene Maccabee | Dorothy Ladd |

DANCE COMMITTEE

Officers of the Village Improvement Society
Samuel L. Clapp, *Chairman*

FLOOR DIRECTOR

- George W. Van Wyck, Jr.

THE CELEBRATION

JUNE 30TH, 1915

A BEAUTIFUL morning for the celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of the Town of Paxton, gladdened the hearts of the residents and the large number of visitors who were present. It was estimated that from 2000 to 3000 people were present during the day. The town was in gala day dress, the public buildings and many of the residences having been appropriately decorated under the direction of Mr. Campbell of the Atlantic Decorating Co. of Boston.

No fakirs were allowed on the grounds. The Firemen, Ladies' Social Union and S. P. Club sold light refreshments and souvenirs. A feature which proved to be of much interest to former residents was an exhibition of portraits of old time citizens, and antiques held in the vestry of the church. In connection with this exhibition was a sale of fancy articles by the Helping Hand Society. Here also was provided a book in which many visitors registered their names.

An old tavern sign showing Lord Cornwallis and Sir Charles Paxton shaking hands across a table, bearing the inscription "Paxton Inn" and on the reverse side the words, "Our good cheer makes enemies friends," was hung from the flag staff of the Paxton Driving Club, which was formerly the Paxton Inn.

THE PARADE

At 11.30 o'clock the parade of decorated vehicles formed at Main and Grove Streets and marched along the state road to the home of Henry C. Eames, then countermarched around the Common to the schoolhouse where it was disbanded. The parade was headed by Chief Marshall Frederick W. Flint and aides, followed by Battery B Band.

In the line were the following: Carriage driven by Arthur W. Dwyer in which rode these Veterans of the Civil War: William



THE PARADE

M. Warren, Austin E. Skiff, Henry H. Bush, Leander T. Kirby, and George H. Sherman of Paxton; Edward D. Bigelow of Worcester; James Holmes of Spencer; and William Keep of Hartford, Conn.

Sulky decorated with mountain laurel in which were Milton Ladd and Meredith Bartlett dressed in Colonial costumes.

Float decorated with white bunting and pink roses representing the Helping Hand Society, driven by Daniel W. Graton. On the float were ladies dressed to represent these nations: Japan, Mrs. C. A. Kilton; Sweden, Mrs. H. P. Matthews; France, Mrs. E. G. Maccabee; America, Miss Nellie Supernor; and American Indian, Mrs. F. L. Durgin. Religion was represented by Mrs. J. N. Peck. Others on the float were Mrs. D. W. Graton, Mrs. R. A. Race, Mrs. Alfred Maccabee and Mrs. Evelyn Gleason, carrying appropriate banners.

Escorting this float was Miss Ruth Kohlstrom, riding a white horse, impersonating Joan of Arc.

Float decorated in white bunting and laurel entered by the Town of Rutland. Seated on a dais was Mrs. Mabel R. Prescott representing the Town of Rutland. Around her were Helen F. Rauser, Mary Rice, Alice I. Goldfinch, and Myrne L. Miles rep-



RUTLAND PRIZE FLOAT

representing the towns of Paxton, Barre, Hubbardston and Princeton, respectively; these four towns having once been a part of Rutland. In the center of the float was Joseph E. Ware impersonating Father Time, while standing in front of him was Ruth Forbush representing Progress. Near her were Catherine D. Putnam, representing Manufactures; Esther Pierce, Health; Marjorie Peebles, Agriculture; and Ruth M. Temple, Recreation. Seated on the rear of the float were Bernard I. Welsh dressed in Indian Costume, Charles E. Carroll as Continental Soldier and Ludovic Hanff as Civil War Veteran, representing the three stages of American History.

A float decorated with bunting, flags and sheaves of grain, driven by Henry C. Eames was entered by Paxton Grange. Seated on the float were Geraldine Woodward representing Liberty; Catherine Clapp, Ceres; H. Elizabeth Phelps, Pomona; and Dorothy Bejune, Flora.

Glad Hill Farm, G. A. Rossier, Proprietor, entered a unique float which represented a miniature barn, in which were four



RUTLAND GRANGE FLOAT

young cattle being cared for by Frederick and Charles Stevens, Stuart Catherwood, and Francis Lombard. The lettering appearing on either side of the float was appropriately done with milk bottle caps.

Another unique feature of the parade was the model of the famous "Brick Steamer" entered by the S. P. Club, driven by Master William Trum, dressed in sailor costume.

Paxton Fire Department was represented by the chemical wagon decorated in red, white, and blue, bearing the motto, "We go where Duty calls," in charge of Chief Arthur F. Stevens.

Umbrella phaeton decorated with white bunting and pinks, driven by Mrs. H. S. Robinson accompanied by Alice M. Hazard of Boylston.

The Y. B. Club entered a wagon decorated in red and white, driven by Ernest Eames, in which rode Alice Northridge, Fannie Clapp, and Edna Catherwood.

Float decorated in pink, yellow and white entered by Rutland Grange. On this float were Mary L. Moulton, Barbara E. Williams, and Gladys E. Hill dressed in appropriate costumes representing the Graces.

Paxton Village Improvement Society was represented by an old stagecoach driven by Merton Stone. Riding on the coach were Mrs. D. N. Wentworth, Herbert Wentworth, Lillian Van Wyck, Marion Durgin, Roy Wentworth, Leroy Pierce, Ernest Maccabee, and Nelson Willis.

Float decorated in purple and white representing a tea-room was entered by the Ladies' Social Union. These members dressed in white were seated at a table: Mrs. E. R. Lombard, Mrs. G. A. Rossier, Mrs. L. S. Clapp, Mrs. W. L. Maccabee, Mrs. Margaretta Catherwood, and Miss Rena Robinson. The float was driven by Sumner Foskett.

Wagon decorated in red, white and blue bunting in which were Carl B. Eames and family of Worcester.

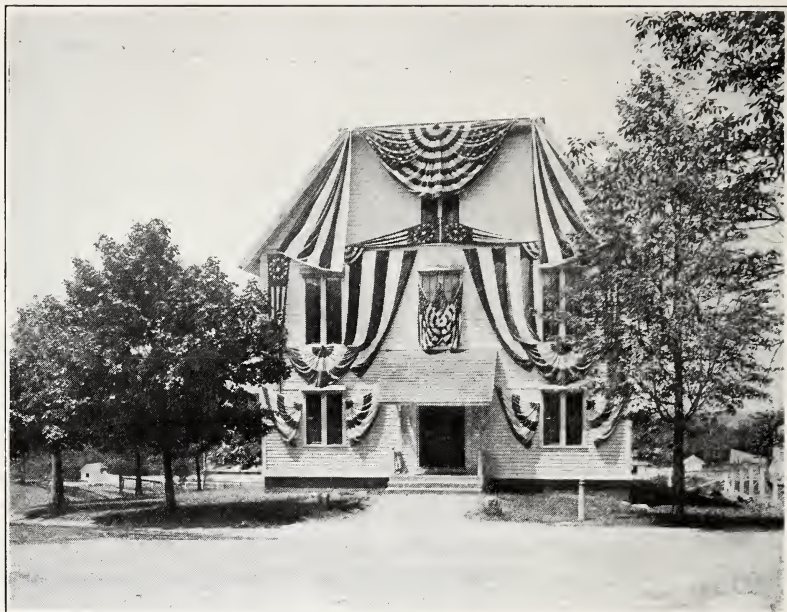
Decorated automobiles were entered by Camp Pike, Camp Rita, Charles W. Eames and the Equal Franchise Club containing members from the surrounding towns.

In the business section of the parade was an automobile advertising "Stovink" and "Shuink" from Johnson's Laboratories; Team representing Elys-Elyn Farm, E. G. Richards, Proprietor; Team from Sunset Farm, Henry L. Green, Proprietor; Wagon containing vegetable washer, invented by E. J. Matthews, and team representing Muir's Laundry of Worcester.

Mr. Joseph P. Shea of the Paxton Driving Club offered a silver cup, suitably inscribed, for the best decorated vehicle in the parade.

The judges, Walter E. Clark of West Boylston, David Davis of New York City, and Ernest C. Howard of Bellows Falls, Vt., awarded the prize to the float entered by the Town of Rutland.

12.00 m. DINNER. Served in Banquet Hall by Frank N. Ensworth of Worcester.



TOWN HALL

PROGRAM OF AFTERNOON EXERCISES

The exercises of the afternoon were held in the auditorium of the Congregational Church, which was very prettily decorated in light blue and white, with palm leaves and gilt wreathes on the gallery front. American flags were draped above the rear of the platform, over the portrait of Charles Paxton, for whom the town was named.

It is worthy of note that the Rev. George G. Phipps, who composed a poem which he read at the Centennial celebration of Paxton, was present on this occasion and read another poem composed for this 150th celebration. The Anniversary Hymn was also composed by him as will be noted in the program. A brother, Rev. William Phipps, was also present and responded to the same sentiment that his father responded to fifty years ago. Their

father, Rev. William Phipps, was pastor of this church twenty-nine years from 1840 until 1869.

Owing to ill health, Charles F. Flint was unable to deliver the address of welcome and it was given by his son, Frederick W. Flint.

SCRIPTURE READING

Rev. Geo. G. Phipps

PRAYER

Rev. F. J. Fairbanks, Royalston

HYMN—(Composed by Rev. G. G. Phipps)

MUSIC—Battery B Band

ANNIVERSARY HYMN

(*Tune, Duke St.*)

God of the Centuries that are
 But as a fleeting day, to Thee,
 Thou guidest the most distant star,
 Yet canst in love our Father be.
 The dust of Time's swift chariot wheels
 Rises in clouds that dim our sight,—
 But blest with gifts of faith, one feels
 That God controls and all is right.
 This town is but a grain of sand
 Upon the shore of life's wide sea,
 Yet lies within Thy mighty hand
 Precious as Orient pearl might be.
 A century and a half has flown
 Since first its life began to be,
 That life, O God, Thy care has known,
 And heart-felt praise we offer Thee.
 Though cruel wars o'erwhelm the world
 And devastations vast ne'er cease
 Rejoice that here no bombs are hurled,—
 Our Country knows the boon of peace.
 God of the bright advancing years,
 Bless with Thy love this ancient town:—
 Spite of all adverse fate, or fears,
 Our Paxton's future richly crown.

Rev. Geo. G. Phipps.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

Charles F. Flint, Paxton

HISTORICAL ADDRESS

C. B. Perry, Millbury

POEM

Rev. G. G. Phipps, Newton Highlands

SENTIMENTS

H. S. Robinson, President of the Day

1. THE DAY WE CELEBRATE

Our little Paxton this day closes its century and a half of life; in the coming half century may its march be thus ever onward, its humble place in the ranks of the Old Bay State never deserted; its marching music ever thus the Voice of the Centuries.

Response by Atty. Herbert C. Lakin of New York City

2. PAXTON, THE HOME OF OUR EARLY DAYS

May its remembrance be as dear to those who shall come after us
as it has been to ourselves.

Response by Rev. Wm. Phipps, Waterbury, Conn.

3. "LEST WE FORGET"

Willard Duncan Howe, New York City

4. RUTLAND

Though Paxton was originally set off from Rutland and Leicester,
not yet is she in the least "set off" from their neighborly good-will
and affection.

Response by W. C. Temple of Rutland

5. THE CHURCH AND SABBATH SCHOOL

The safeguard of the present and future, as they have been of the
past; may the sacred care and love of coming generations ever protect
and sustain their interests.

Response by Rev. Otis Cole of Haverhill

6. TENOR SOLO

Charles A. Grosvenor, Worcester

7. A VOICE FROM THE HUB

One of our sons, ministering many years to the sick and helpless,
has paused to speak to us today.

Response by Dr. Herbert B. Howard, Boston

8. POEM

E. P. Keep, Auburn

9. THE TOWN OF LEICESTER

Though she could afford to give up her rights to our lands, not yet
can she to our waters; yet, on the bosom of the streams that rise
among our hills, would we ever float down to her kind wishes of peace
and prosperity.

Response by Atty. H. O. Smith, Leicester

10. POEM

George Maynard, Worcester

11. WORCESTER

Nestled closely to her, as we are, on these grand old hills, we predict
for our future, a continuation of the city to our midst.

Response by Daniel W. Lincoln, Worcester

12. OUR FATHERS AND MOTHERS

Sowers of good seed by the fireside, they have thereby given sons
and daughters to their Country and to God:—May their dear
memory and love be ever green as the pines upon our hilltops.

Response by Walter E. Clark, West Boylston



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH



13. THE LADIES OF PAXTON

Blossoms of our Century Plants: May the fragrance of their memory be dispensed through all the century to come.

Response, Poem, by Mrs. Fannie Phipps Clark,
Waterbury, Conn.

14. WORCESTER—The City down below us

Response by Arthur E. Gray, Worcester

15. THOSE TO THE MANOR BORN

Wherever in the "wide wide world" they pitch their tents, still may they ever be in heart not far from Home.

Response by Gilbert G. Davis, Worcester

16. THE NATIVES OF PAXTON

Though so unfortunate as to have been allowed no choice as to birthplace, yet will Paxton never be sorry that their parents chose for them, and chose so wisely.

Response by Rev. Henry Streeter, Bristol, Indiana

17. FINAL TOAST

The two hundredth anniversary of the Town of Paxton. Let those here who may survive to see it not then forget to call forth from their long memory, this charge; bear down our salutations and good wishes to the joyful 1965.

Response by the Band and united singing of "Auld Lang Syne"

By Mr. Grosvenor and Congregation



RESIDENCE OF CHARLES F. FLINT

Erected in 1748 by Abraham Smith who was first Representative to General Court from Paxton.

Mr. Flint was the fifth generation of his family to occupy this house.

RESOLUTIONS ON THE DEATH OF CHARLES F. FLINT

Whereas, an All Wise Father has taken to Himself, from our midst, a Christian Gentleman, one who held offices in Town and Church with honor, one who living in the homestead of generations of ancestors inherited honorable traits of character.

Whereas, our Committee desire to make mention of the worthy address of Welcome prepared by him for the one hundred and fiftieth celebration of the Town which we appreciated as well as the interest in the preparations.

Be it resolved to extend to the Widow and Son, our tender sympathy in their loss with the assurance that we mourn his departure from this life.

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the family, and also placed on record.

(Signed) H. S. ROBINSON,
R. H. BUSH,
H. H. PIKE,
H. C. EAMES.



CHARLES FREDERICK FLINT

Born, April 18, 1857

Died, July 2, 1915

RESOLUTIONS ON THE DEATH OF CHARLES B. PERRY

Whereas, our Heavenly Father has taken from us a man of worth, of intellectual attainments, an able attorney, and a man of affairs generally,

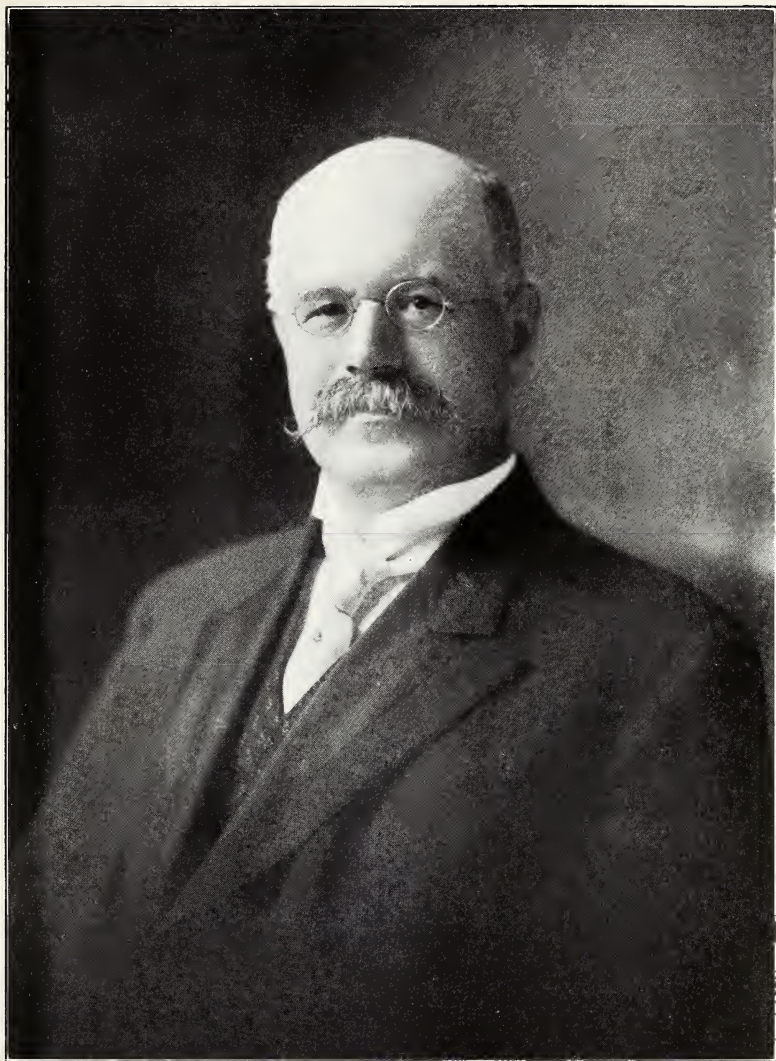
Whereas, realizing the great effort it must have cost our dear Friend, our Committee desire to express our gratitude for the very able historical address delivered by him, June 30th, 1915, at the one hundred and fiftieth celebration of the Town of Paxton.

Be it resolved to extend to the widow our sympathy in her bereavement, with the assurance that our Town, his boyhood home, for which he retained a fond remembrance, is a loser in that he exhibited toward it a charitable and kindly assistance in Town affairs.

Resolved, to send a copy of these resolutions to the widow and place on record.

With sympathy and respect,

(Signed) HERBERT S. ROBINSON,
 ROXA H. BUSH,
 HENRY H. PIKE,
 HENRY C. EAMES.



CHARLES B. PERRY

Born, August 29, 1858

Died, October 13, 1915

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

By CHARLES FREDERICK FLINT

I AM both honored and happy in discharging the duty devolved upon me today of extending to this assembly, in behalf of our citizens, a hearty welcome.

Here a decade previous to the revolution, one hundred and fifty years ago, our fathers planted the foundation stones of our municipal existence as a town by the act of incorporation.

You have come with us to celebrate this day. I welcome you one and all, and congratulate you upon the favorable circumstances under which we meet.

It is particularly fitting that we should pause for a moment upon the vantage ground of our one hundred and fifty years and look back across the intervening space to the distant point, when the journey began. To look back not with regret as upon a finished yet incomplete career, but to look back for encouragement, to estimate progress, and to contrast the dim uncertain future with the real and substantial attainments which Paxton can this day call her own.

We know not what the future has in store. No human hand may part the curtains that hang before us; but whether there be prosperity or adversity in our pathway, duty remains the same. If our town is to maintain a reputation for high character and lofty achievement, it will be through the co-operation of all her citizens of every class and party.

Beyond a doubt the founders of Paxton were rare men and well deserve a grateful remembrance. It would be strange indeed if there had not arisen among us a desire, stronger than mere curiosity, to know what manner of men were these, our fathers, what hardships they bore and what purposes were theirs when they founded this town. A simple and almost instinctive query, but how great labor is imposed upon him who would answer it.

Generations have passed away leaving behind them such scanty records as the stern practical business of the age permitted

and from this miscellaneous mass comes the material to build up our ideas of these men and their times.

I think we may say that Paxton has thus far proved her right to exist, and in a good degree, has fulfilled her mission.

If indeed, the men and events that have marked our history as a town in the past could be reviewed here in detail, I doubt not we should all feel that they compare at least favorably with other of our larger and older towns.

However this may be, one hundred and fifty years ago, our town, originally a part of Rutland and Leicester, was incorporated and received the name it still bears and to one and all, whether kindred in near or remote degree, whether friends of her infancy, her youth or her womanhood, Paxton extends her tenderest and most cordial greeting and bids you welcome at this birthday festival.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS

By C. B. PERRY, Millbury

UNLIKE the distinguished historian of the Centennary of this Town I cannot claim it as my birthplace but I am not without some claim of right to address you as a Paxton man for in 1815 my great-grandfather purchased 120 acres of land most of which now lies under the waters of one of the reservoirs of the City of Worcester, and here he lived many years; my grandfather sang in the choir in this very church; here my parents passed their last years; here I passed the happy days of youth and in the vestry below cast my first vote; made the choice of the profession by which I gain a livelihood, formed lifelong friendships, and on this anniversary day so full of delightful memories I return to lay my tribute of love at the feet of dear old Paxton. Like many a town in our commonwealth, Paxton may be likened to the eddy in the ever widening stream of growth and progress. Though a part of the mighty stream it has not partaken of its onward progress to the extent that has fallen to the lot of many another community, yet in all its history its citizens have done their full part in the progress of the national life. Its sons and daughters in the days of national need and in days of peace have contributed their share to the uplift of the State and nation. "Into that fathomless sea whose waves are years," have sunk the founders of this town but we recall today with gratitude and honor their earnest work in founding this community. In what follows it may appear that I have drawn largely from the work of my predecessor, but by personal search of the town records, colonial laws and other matter have verified each step independently. My personal recollection of Paxton covers half a century. When a small boy I made many visits to this place with my father who worked for the firm of Lakin and Bigelow, whose bootshop stood near the residence of C. A. Kelton. We lived then in the northern part of Leicester. Since that time I have travelled somewhat extensively both in this country and in

foreign lands but I never prepared for any of these journeys with quite the happy excitement I felt when given permission to ride with my father to Paxton. The store then kept by Nathaniel and William Clark was always visited and a long stick of red and white striped candy was given me which I took home and made to last several days. What banquet ever equalled it! But enough of personal recollection for the present. Within the sheltering arms of Cape Cod Peninsula the *Mayflower* cast anchor safe from the buffeting surges of the wintry sea. In its little cabin gathered the members of the Pilgrim band and drew up and adopted that remarkable compact which enunciated those vital principles which from time to time have been embodied in the preambles of State and National constitutions. This compact so simple in language and so forceful in matter is worthy of being repeated.

“We do by these presents solemnly and mutually in the presence of God and one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic for our better ordering and preservation and the furtherance of the ends aforesaid: and by virtue hereof, to enact, constitute, establish and form such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony.”

Three hundred years with all the changes they have seen have not taken away from it a single bit of its importance. Upon such principles the Puritans on their triple hills and the Pilgrims at Plymouth founded their Commonwealths and continued them until these colonies were erected into the Province of Massachusetts Bay in 1692. The change made in the colonial charters at that time was the first overt act of infringement by the British Government upon American liberty which resulted in the war of the Revolution and the establishment of the government of the people, by the people, and for the people. As became a Christian people, the title of the early settlers to their lands was obtained by purchase and not by conquest. Seventy-two years after the date of the first settlement of Plymouth that colony had increased

to 7000 persons occupying 17 towns, and Massachusetts Bay Colony had a population of 40,000 persons in 55 towns.

In accordance with this policy of our forefathers on the 27th day of January, 1686, Colonel Joshua Lamb of Roxbury and others purchased of certain Indians a tract of land 8 miles square called Towtaid, lying near Worcester, which purchase was confirmed by an order of the General Court passed on the 15th day of February 1713 on condition that "within seven years time 50 families settled themselves in as defensible and regular way as the circumstances will allow on part of the said land and that a sufficient quantity thereof be reserved for a gospel ministry and schools. The town to be named Leicester and to belong to the county of Middlesex."

This tract embraced the present towns of Leicester, Spencer, and part of Auburn and a strip of the southerly part of Paxton about two miles in width.

"On the 22d day of December, 1686 Henry Willard and four others bought of certain Indians another tract of land 12 miles square called Naquag, embracing the present towns of Rutland, Oakham, Barre, Hubbardston and Princeton and a strip about two miles in width of the northerly part of Paxton. On the 23d day of February A. D. 1713 this tract was confirmed to the sons and grandsons of Major Simon Willard of Lancaster and others on condition that within 7 years there be 50 families settled thereon, and sufficient lands to be reserved for gospel ministry and schools. The town to be called Rutland and to lie in the county of Middlesex. This Major Willard in 1675 was sent by the General Court after some Indians westward of Lancaster and Groton, but hearing of the attack on Brookfield, marched with Captain Parker and 46 men to its relief. He was cashiered for disobedience of orders."

The proprietors voted in Boston "in December 1715 that the contents of 6 miles square be surveyed and set off for the settlement of 62 families in order to the performance of the condition of the grant."



ACROSS THE COMMON

This territory is what constitutes the town of Rutland. The requisite number of settlers was obtained, and at a meeting of the inhabitants of the 6 mile square held on the 9th day of October 1721, it was "voted to refer a petition to the General Court to get their sanction to establish them as a town to have and enjoy all the privileges other towns enjoy."

Their petition was granted in May 1722 and the General Court authorized Captain Samuel Wright to call the first town meeting at which the town was organized by the election of the proper officers. The meeting was held on the last Monday of July 1722.

The existence of the town of Paxton is owing to the deep religious interest that pervaded the early inhabitants of this state, and their desire to have an accessible place of worship. Meeting houses had been built in the town of Leicester and in the town of Rutland, and the early inhabitants in what is now the town of Paxton were obliged to go to one of these two places in order to join in public worship, and at that time attendance on church services was obligatory. The meeting houses at Leicester and Rutland were remote and there was at that time but one path which could be dignified by the name of road over which people could travel to these places and this road could be reached only by paths through the forest.

The building of a church edifice was provided for by a Colonial Law passed in 1679, Section 20, which I quote:

“For as much as it hath too often happened that through differences arising in several towns and other pretenses, there hath been attempts by some persons to erect new meeting houses although on pretense of public worship of God on the Lord’s Days, thereby laying a foundation (if not for schism and seduction, to errors and hereses) perpetrating divisions and weakening such place where they dwell in the comfortable enjoyment of the ministry orderly settled amongst them.

“For prevention whereof for the future it is ordered by this Court and by the authority thereof that no person whatsoever without the consent of the freemen of the town where they live, and obtained at a public meeting assembled at that end and license obtained to the county court, or in defeat of such consent and license, by the order of the General Court, shall erect or make use of any house as aforesaid; and in case any person or persons shall be convicted of transgressing this law over such house or houses, wherein such persons shall so meet more than three times, with the land where such house or houses stand, and all private ways leading thereto, shall be forfeited to the use of the County, and disposed of by the County Treasurer by sale or demolishing, as the Court that gives judgment in the case shall order.”

That a church building might be built, in 1761 a petition was presented by the inhabitants of the southerly part of Rutland and the northerly part of Leicester, praying that they be incorporated into a distinct Municipality giving as a reason the great difficulties they labor under in attending public worship by reason of the great distance they were from these places in the towns to which they belonged. The following is a copy of the petition upon which the vote of the Town of Leicester was passed:

“To the Selectmen of the Town of Leicester and the other inhabitants of the same, the petition and desire of the subscribers hereof humbly sheweth, That Whereas, in the Government of

Divine Providence our habitations are at a great distance from the place of public worship in this town, which, together with the snow, and moisture of the land, it is exceedingly difficult a great part of the year to attend on the public worship of God in this town, We look upon it as our bounden duty to endeavor to set up the gospel among us, by which we, with our families might more constantly enjoy the means of grace.

“In order to accomplish the good end of setting up the gospel we propose, if possible to obtain leave to so do, to erect a town, or District between the towns of Leicester and Rutland, by taking two miles off each town, to make up the contents of four miles square, wherefore your petitioners humbly and earnestly desire that for the good end above proposed, you would now set off by a vote of this town, two miles at the north end of this town, the lands with the inhabitants thereon, to be laid out, and connected with the south part of Rutland that is adjoining, the same to be erected into a town or District by order of the Great and General Court of this Province as soon as may be, that we may set up a Congregational Church and settle a gospel minister according to the Constitution of the churches in the land: which we judge will be for the advancement of religion and our comfort, if it be obtained in the way of peace so wishing you health and peace, as in duty bound we subscribe your petitioners: Oliver Witt, Timothy Barrett, Abraham Smith, Abner Morse, James Thompson, William Thompson, Jr., William Thompson, Abijah Bemis, Daniel Snow, Jr., James Nichol, Jason Livermore, Isaac Bellows, Nathan Livermore, Daniel Steward.

Leicester, May 13th, 1763.”

This petition was dismissed and a similar one headed by Jeremiah Howe of Leicester in 1762 met the same fate, but they still persisted and made a third application alleging a similar reason set forth in the previous petition and added one, that the land prayed for in Leicester was set off by a town for the ends proposed at a town meeting held on the 16th day of May, 1763. This petition was presented to the General Court the same year,

and an order of notice served on the Town of Rutland which objected to the granting of the prayer and it was dismissed on the 31st day of December, 1763. The fourth and successful petition signed by Oliver Witt and other inhabitants, some of them of Leicester, others of Rutland, "set forth the great difficulties they labor under by living at such a distance from the place of public worship in the several towns to which they belong, none of them living less than three miles, one only excepted, and some of them four and many of them five miles distant and the way bad, and praying that they may be erected into a distinct town or district or precinct by certain bounds in said petition mentioned."

It was ordered that Jedediah Foster of Brookfield and Colonel Williams on the part of the house, and Benjamin Lincoln of the Council, be a Committee in the recess of this Court to repair to the place petitioned for to be erected into a parish and that they are all parties interested for and against said Corporation, and report at the next session whether the prayer thereof should be granted. On January 23d, 1765 this Committee reported in favor of the petitioners and the following was introduced in the Great and General Court:

"An act for incorporating the southerly part of Rutland and the northerly part of Leicester in the county of Worcester into a District by the name of Paxton passed both branches of the Legislature to be enacted, and on the 12th day of February Anno Regni Georgii Tertii Quinto 1765 was approved by the Governor Francis Bernard, and Paxton was authorized to take its place among the Incorporated Municipalities of the Commonwealth, invested with all the powers, privileges and immunities which with the inhabitants of any town in this province do or by law ought to enjoy excepting only the privilege of sending a representative to the General Assembly."

Geographically therefore, the town of Paxton originally was composed of strip about two miles wide of the southerly part of Rutland and a strip about the same width of the northerly part of the town of Leicester, to which was added on February 13th,

1804 a part of the town of Holden and on April 9th, 1839 another portion of Holden was added.

On May 24th, 1851 a part of the southerly part of Rutland was annexed to Paxton and the lines between the two towns altered in some other parts and again on February 20th, 1829, the line was again run. Since this latter date so far as I know there has been no change in the boundaries of this town.

The inhabitants of Paxton at first joined with the town of Leicester and the precinct of Spencer for representative to the General Court. The act of incorporating as passed by the Great and General Court left the name of the to be formed District, blank, and it is said that the Council supplied the name of Paxton in honor of Charles Paxton.

“He was at that time Marshal of the Admiralty Court and a great friend and favorite of Francis Bernard, the Governor and Thomas Hutchinson, the Deputy Governor.”

It is said that Charles Paxton promised to give the town a church bell if the town was named after him, but the promise was never fulfilled. He was a man of polished manners, pleasing address, and gentlemanly appearance, but his good qualities, I regret to say, end here. His effigy was carried through the streets of Boston along side the effigy of the devil on the anniversary of the Gun Powder Plot. The following inscription placed upon this effigy would seem to be the last word in describing his character: “Every man’s humble servant, but no man’s friend.” In the various oppressive measures taken by the then Government, Mr. Paxton was active and earnest. It has been stated that in the years of the Revolution so distasteful was the name of Paxton that a meeting was held and the town voted to raise a Committee “to petition the General Court for a name more agreeable to the inhabitants and the public than that of Paxton.”

If such a Committee was appointed it did not attend to its duties or the Legislature failed to act. I may say that I was not able by a search of the records covering these years, to verify this. However, it makes very little difference to us at the present time.

The act of the Great and General Court of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay empowered Jonathan Murray, Justice of the Peace, residing in the town of Rutland to issue a warrant for the first town meeting and his warrant is as follows:

WORCESTER, SS.

To Mr. Phineas Moore of Paxton in the County of Worcester, and one of the principal inhabitants of said town, Greeting:

Whereas, I the subscriber am empowered by an act of this Province to call a meeting of the inhabitants of the District of Paxton to choose town officers, etc., these are therefore in his Majesty's name to require you forthwith to warn and notify the said inhabitants of Paxton qualified to vote in town affairs to meet at the house of Mr. John Snow, Innholder in said Paxton on Monday the 11th day of March next at 9 o'clock in the forenoon. Then and there to choose a Moderator, District Clerk, Selectmen, Assessors, Wardens, Constables, Surveyors of highways, Tytheing men, Fence Viewers, Sealers of Leather, Sealers of Weights and Measures, Sealers of Boards and Shingles, and all other ordinary town officers of towns chose in the month of March annually.

Hereof fail not, and make due return hereof with your doings hereon unto me at or before said meeting.

Given under my hand and seal in Rutland in said county this 25th day of February 1765 and in the fifth year of his Majesty's Reign.

JOHN MURRAY, Justice of the Peace.

In obedience to this warrant I have warned and notified all the inhabitants of Paxton qualified to vote in town affairs to meet at time and place within mentioned.

PHINEAS MOORE.

The house of John Snow was located where the residence of Mr. Charles Derby now stands. The meeting organized with the choice of Captain Samuel Brown as Moderator, and Ephraim Moore was chosen District Clerk. The meeting dissolved after



MAPLE STREET

the officers were elected as the warrant issued by John Murray empowered the inhabitants of the District of Paxton to elect officers only at that meeting.

The newly chosen Selectmen namely, Captain Oliver Witt, Captain Samuel Brown, Timothy Barrett, and Abraham Smith, by their warrant dated March 18th, 1765 directed to Jason Livermore, Constable of Paxton in the County of Worcester warned the inhabitants of said town of Paxton to meet on the 5th day of April, 1765, at 12 o'clock, to act upon the following articles:

FIRST: To choose a Moderator.

SECOND: To see if the District will vote to have the swine run at large this present year.

THIRD: To see if the District will grant a sum of money to build a pound and provide weights and measures and a District Book and other necessary things for the said District.

FOURTH: To see if the District will vote to come unto some method to warn the meetings by posting a copy of the warrant at some public house in said District.

FIFTH: To see if the District will choose a Committee to settle the line between said District and Leicester town.

SIXTH: To see if the District will grant a sum of money to mend the highways the present year and to come unto some method to lay said money out.

SEVENTH: To see if the District will vote to discontinue the road leading from William Martin's to Paul Horne's road, so far as it runs through Captain Samuel Brown's enclosure, and to lay out another road in some other place.

EIGHTH: To see if the District will choose a committee to make tryal to settle the method of maintaining the poor in Leicester.

NINTH: To see if the District will vote to build a meeting house in said Paxton and of what dementions they will build it.

TENTH: To see if the District will agree upon some place for to sett said meeting house on.

At this meeting forty pounds was raised to mend the highways and the compensation for each man was fixed at three shillings per day for a man, one shilling-six pence per day for oxen and one shilling per day for cart. They also voted to choose a committee to settle the affairs of maintaining their poor in Leicester. To build a meeting house 50 feet in length, 40 feet in breadth, and 22 feet posts. They voted to set the meeting house at the gate behind John Snow's barn in Mr. Maynard's pasture.

The first meeting that was held to raise money for school purposes, the article providing for it was rejected, but at a town meeting held Sept. 2, 1765, 131 pounds, 6 shillings, 8 pence was raised for the support of the gospel and an equal sum for the support of schools for the following winter.

At a meeting held April 29th, 1765 it was voted that the District will endeavor to build a meeting house frame in said Paxton by the 15th day of June, 1765, but the article to choose a Committee to see to the building of the meeting house was passed in the negative.

At a meeting held on the 26th day of May, 1765, it was voted that the District will leave the providing for the raising of the meeting house in Paxton to the generosity of the inhabitants of

Paxton, to provide a supper and bring it to the meeting house place. Then, as now, opinions differed and the inhabitants of Paxton differed apparently with some heat as to the proper place for the location of the church building. Votes were passed to locate it near the house of John Snow the inn-keeper, and afterward reconsidered or rescinded but its location was finally determined at a town meeting held on the 26th day of May, 1765, when it was voted to set the meeting house at the place where now Seth Snow's barn did stand. So far as I have been able to learn from the records this was the final vote, and the meeting house was set about where the Soldiers Monument stands on the Common.

Mr. Seth Snow, in September, 1791, showed his liberality by donating "one and a half acres and fifteen rods in area whereon the meeting house stands for the use and benefit of the town."

The original meeting house had no spire and had entrances on the front and two sides. The meeting house was built in the years 1765 and 1766 but was moved to its present location, a steeple added and the whole exterior and interior remodelled in 1835. We view it today substantially as it was left by the workmen of that day. May it long continue as a place of worship and as a fine example of the country church edifice of early times.

At a District meeting May 4th, 1767 it was voted to give a call to Silas Bigelow to settle in the gospel ministry among us and voted his salary at 133 pounds, 6 shillings and 8 pence, to be paid him in three years. 44 pounds, 8 shillings, 3 pence, and 3 farthings for the three years. Voted that the District will give Rev. Silas Bigelow a yearly salary of 53 pounds, 6 shillings and 8 pence for the four first years and then 66 pounds, 13 shillings and 4 pence yearly as long as he shall continue the relations of gospel minister among us.

In a letter copied in the records of the Town of Paxton dated June 25th, 1767, Rev. Silas Bigelow accepted the call.

The church covenant is dated Sept. 3, 1767 and was signed by Phineas Moore, John Snow, Jason Livermore, David Davis, Benjamin Sweetser, Silas Bigelow (the pastor elect) Samuel Mann, Oliver Witt, Stephen Barrett and Samuel Brown. The delay in

installing a minister is said to have been caused by efforts made by some to establish the Episcopal church.

Silas Bigelow was ordained October, 1767. He died in 1769 much lamented by his flock. His successor the Reverend Alexander Thayer, was not popular. He was suspected of being a Royalist, which at that time, 1770, was enough to cause him to lose the esteem of his people and he was dissatisfied because they failed to make up the depreciation in the currency contending that his salary of 66 pounds, 13 shillings and 4 pence should be increased in the same ratio. At this time and for some years after the minister's salary was raised by a tax assessed upon the polls and estates of all the inhabitants, except such as had filed certificates of membership with some other religious society. This tax was specified on the assessors' books as Minister's Tax and was collected in the same manner as the State, County and Town Taxes.

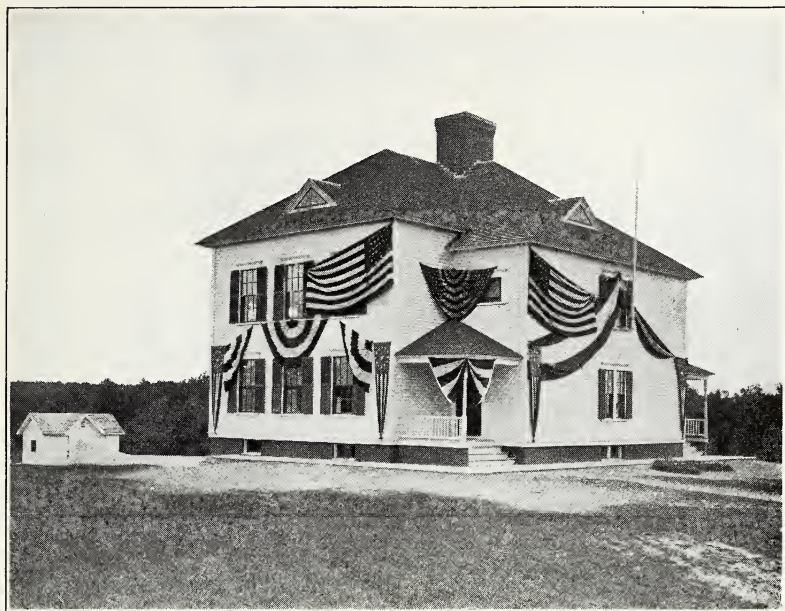
Hardly had the town of Paxton begun its career as an independent Town or District as it was sometimes called when trouble arose between the Colonies and the Mother Country, and Paxton was not slow in recognizing it might be of the most serious character, and at a town meeting the 22d day of May, 1774, the following articles were proposed:

"ARTICLE 2. To see if the District will act on public affairs in any method which may be then proposed or laid before them respecting the difference which subsists between Great Britain and the Colonies.

"ARTICLE 3. To see if the District will propose to keep a day of fasting and prayer here on account of the threatening effect of our public affairs.

"ARTICLE 2. Voted upon the second article. It was proposed to put to vote (after the act of Parliament for regulating the Government of the Massachusetts Bay had been read) to see if the District are willing said act of Parliament did take place. Passed unanimously in the negative.

"ARTICLE 3. Voted that a day of Fasting and prayer be kept in this District."



SCHOOL

On the 22d day of August, 1774, a Committee was chosen to consider the matter of public affairs. They voted to buy a barrel of powder in addition to the amount then on hand. A committee on correspondence and plan of inspection was duly appointed. The duty of the latter was to watch the conduct of Toryism. One of these was a clergyman. All the able bodied men of the town were formed into two companies, "the Standing Company" and the "Minute Company." The Minute Men were fully armed and equipped, and were drilled in Military tactics at frequent intervals, and the town appropriated money to recompense them for their time and expenses spent in perfecting themselves in military matters. On the 9th of January, 1775 the town voted to raise 15 pounds for the Minute Men of Paxton, and on the 17th day of January of that year thirty-three men were selected from the above mentioned companies as Minute Men duly organized and officered.

At a town meeting held the 13th day of March, 1775 it was voted to raise the sum of 37 pounds, 16 shillings and out of the sum to equip the minute men as hereafter expressed, viz.,

“Voted that Lieut. Willard Moore, Deacon David Davis and Mr. John Warren as a committee for said purpose be directed to see that 30 Minute Men exclusive of officers be forthwith equipped with a cartouch box, a bayonett, said bayonett to be well fixed to each man’s gun, and upon each person’s being so equipped to the satisfaction of said committee then to pay to each minute man so equipped a sum of 12 shillings each of said minute men engaging upon their receiving said 12 shillings that in case they did not march on the first emergency that they will deliver up their cartouch box and bayonett aforesaid to the aforesaid committee, or in such case shall equip others with the same. Likewise said committee are to pay to each minute man that shall march on the first emergency, 6 shillings each and the further sum of 6 shillings in case they shall be obliged to be absent fourteen days.”

Immediately upon the receipt of the intelligence of the battle of Lexington and Concord they marched to Cambridge under command of Capt. Phineas Moore, and he and a portion of his men enlisted in the Continental Army. Another inhabitant of Paxton, Captain Willard Moore, was promoted to the office of Major in Col. Ephraim Doolittle’s regiment. At the battle of Bunker Hill the command of the regiment devolved upon him owing to the absence of his colonel. At the second charge of the enemy he was wounded and his men started to carry him from the field when he was shot through the body and died. His father and mother are buried in the cemetery nearby near the East gate. Many of his company served during the war.

A search of the records in the State House shows that the following persons were credited to Paxton as soldiers of the Revolution their service varying from eight days to three years.

Credited to Paxton for service some of these names answering to alarm of April 19, 1775 and also includes later enlistment of the same men in the Continental Army as well as men who served

entirely in the latter. Records show service of men for periods from eight days to three years.

Enos Allen, Captain, Ralph Earle's Company.

Phineas Adams.

Josiah Baldwin

Benj. Barrett, 20 years old.

Israel Barret

Abijah Bemis

Daniel Bemis

Ezekiel Bellows, Sergeant in Capt. Phineas Moore's Company, 10 days. Col. Ephraim Doolittle's Regiment. 1st Lieut. in Capt. Adam Maynard's Regiment, 8th Company, 1st Worcester County Regiment. Captain in Wm. Tucker's Company. Col. Jacob Gerrish's Regiment.

Joseph Bellows, Lieut. in Capt. Samuel Thompson's Company, Colonel Deany's Regiment. Also credited in Maj. Asa Baldwin's Division, Northern Dept. on roll, listed as from Holden. Also on Capt. March Chase's Company, Col. Nathan Sparhaw's Regiment.

Itha (?) Bigelow

Eliab Brewer

Abijah Brown

Lemuel Bullard

Benjamin Butman, in Capt. Adam Wheeler's Company, Col. Ephraim Doolittle's Regiment. Records show a receipt for pay advanced July 13, 1775 at Charlestown Camp. Company's return list dated October 6, 1775 at Camp Winter Hill reported as *Deserted*. Later records show two entries of same man without naming town, December, 1776, thought to be same party.

Johnathan Clemens

Johnathan Clemmons

Rufus Cogswell

Stephen Cogswell

John Cole (also given in Sturbridge) enlisted for town of Paxton in Ralph Earl's Company. Later list given from Barre, June

25, 1778, of men returned by Committee for settling disputes between towns as to soldiers credited to them, said Cole was claimed by Worcester and Paxton and Committee did not allow him to either Town. Records do not state further details.

Jude Converse

John Davis

Samuel Deny is in State House record under Paxton heading, as among list of field officers of regiments of Worcester Co. Militia made up of Worcester, Leicester, Holden, Spencer, and Paxton, including the New Parish called "Bogechoge."

Benj. Flagg is also listed as above.

Clark Earll

Oliver Earll

Ralph Earll, Captain, Col. Danforth Keys' Regiment, engaged June 27, 1777, served to July 27, 1777.

Ralph Earl (Paxton), Captain of 7th Company in Col. Samuel Denny's (1st Worcester County) Regiment of Massachusetts Militia. Among the list of officers chosen by companies in said regiment dated at Leicester, March 28, 1776, ordered in Council, April 4, 1776, that Commissions be issued, reported as commissioned April 5, 1776.

Francis Felps

David Goodenew (also given from Holden)

Samuel Gould

James Green

Levi Greenwood

Thos. Greenwood

Peter Gun

Samuel Haywood

William Heard

Ed. Henderson

John Henderson

William Henderson

Micah Herington

John Holdin

Jonah How

Johnathan Hubbard

Johnathan Hunt

Luther Hunt

Thomas Hunt

Job. Johnson

John Johnson

David Knap ? see below

Enoch Knapp

David Knapp ? see above

Joseph Knight

James Lagon

Thomas Lamb

Jason Livermore

Josiah Livermore

James Logan

Adam Mainord, 2d Lieut.

Samson Marbel

Samson Marble (probably the same man.)

Aaron Martain, also listed from Dana and Dighton.

Thomas Martin, fifer listed as a Paxton man, 20 years old. Once confined for stealing a "fire-lock." Judgment of Court Martial, 100 lashes, and \$3.00 stopped from wages. Punished only with 100 lashes according to record, also furnished with a furlough June 10, 1783 "until declaration of Peace."

Adam Maynard

Willard Moor

Phineas Moore

Elijah Morse

Hezekiah Newton (see below.)

Jonas Newton

Josiah Newton

Hezekiah Nuton (see above).

William Obrian

Amos Pierce

David Pierce

Francis Phelps (see previous entry as Francis Felps).

Francis Pike

James Pike

John Pike

Ephraim Prat

Ephraim Pratt, drummer in Capt. Ralph Earl's Company.

Fortunatus Prescott

Ebenezer Prescott

Joseph Prescott

Jason Livermore and Samuel Brewer of Sutton, raised a company in Paxton and Sutton and marched from Paxton on the 9th day of August, 1776 to Charlestown, N. H., thence to Ticonderoga and Mount Hope where they remained for some time.

Records at State House searched from Vols. 1 to 12 only, further volumes not complete as to specification by towns so as to be accessible for reference readily.

During the Revolutionary War the record of the town of Paxton is a most honored one. It not only furnished its quota of men required by the Continental Government but furnished more. Neither was the military spirit shown by the acts of the men alone. Woman did her part and it seems to me fitting that the act or acts of the widow of Jason Livermore should be mentioned here. Her husband and three sons were plowing in their field when informed by a messenger of the expedition of the regulars to Lexington and Concord and that the Minute Company of which they were members would march forthwith. The direction of the father to his sons is as worthy of being embalmed in history as the command of Admiral Dewey, "Gridley, you may fire when ready," or any other under similar conditions. "Boys, unyoke the cattle and let us be off." They marched to Cambridge the bullets in their pouches made from his wife's pewter plates and spoons and I have no doubt they did good execution on the 17th day of June, 1775 for Jason Livermore and his three sons took part in the battle of Bunker Hill with other men of Paxton. This woman with a son not quite 12 years of age not only carried on the farm and provided for the family, but excavated the earth from beneath the barn and other buildings and manufactured from it more than a hundred pounds of saltpetre, a necessary

ingredient in gun powder, and for which there was a great want in the army. Abigail Livermore, widow of Lieut. Jason Livermore died in Paxton, Jan. 17, 1824, aged about 100 years or to be exact, 99 years and 5 months.

The town of Paxton paid almost \$10,000 for hiring and for the equipment of soldiers and military stores demanded by the Government and this in addition to the amounts paid into the state treasury.

In 1776 a warrant for calling a town meeting to be held on the 23d day of May, A. D., 1776, was issued for the purpose of choosing "a person to represent them in the Great and General Court agreeable to the precept directed to them for that purpose. There is no record of what was done at this meeting and the warrant was not recorded until 1779. It was probable, however, that Mr. Abraham Smith was chosen, because a vote was passed on the 3d of May, 1777, instructing Mr. Smith, our present representative, to use his influence in the General Assembly to repeal a certain act. In the third Provincial Congress, Rev. Alexander Thayer was sent as a delegate, which was convened in Watertown on the 31st day of May, 1775. A Committee on Correspondence for the county of Worcester remonstrated against his holding a seat in that body, owing to his leaning toward the Royal cause, and a committee to whom the case was referred, reported against his right. Their report was not accepted but he has given a leave of absence and a motion "that he be instructed to return as soon as may be" was negatived.

On February 17th, 1777, agreeable to an act of the Great and General Court of Massachusetts Bay to prevent monopoly and oppression, a selectman and a constable were appointed a committee for the town of Paxton to agree upon a fixed price upon articles for the town of Paxton. While the above committee fixed prices to all of the necessary articles in common use, a few things impressed me as being somewhat humorous. As for instance, West India Rum, 8 shillings, 2 pence per gallon; New England Rum, 5 shillings, 1 pence per gallon; a mug of flip made with half a pint of West India Rum, 1 shilling, 1 pence; a mug of flip made with one half pint New England rum, 9 pence. *Some drinkers.*

A common meal of victuals, 9 pence; lodging one night, 4 pence; keeping a horse a night or 24 hours on English hay, 1 shilling; keeping a yoke of oxen a night or 24 hours on English hay, 1 shilling. Mutton, lamb and veal, 3 pence a pound; flour, 18 shillings per 100 weight; turkeys, fowls and ducks, 4 pence a pound; milk, 1 penny, 3 farthings per quart. Men's best shoes, 8 shillings a pair; women's shoes, 6 shillings, 8 pence. Making men's shoes, 2 shillings, 8 pence; making women's shoes, 2 shillings, 8 pence. Good salt pork, 8 pence per lb. Farm laborers, in months of July and August, 3 shillings per day; May, June and September, 2 shillings, 3 pence; April and October, one shilling, 9 pence; November, December, January, February and March, 1 shilling, 4 pence per day. Spanish potatoes, 1 shilling per bushel in the fall of the year and not to exceed 1 shilling, 4 pence at any time of the year.

At a town meeting, June 1, 1778, Captain Adam Maynard was chosen moderator. The meeting was adjourned to Wednesday, the third next, at one of the clock in the afternoon.

June 3, 1778, Article 2, voted that the committee chosen for that purpose in April last, provide for the families of the non-commissioned officers and privates who went from this town into the Continental Army, with what they judge the necessaries of life until the annual meeting in March next, provided that they pay said Committee the stated prices for the articles when they received them. The town voted 50 pounds for the purpose.

At a meeting, June 3d, 1778, Article 3, voted in behalf of the committee to the persons hereafter named the sums annexed to their names for providing necessaries for the families of James Green and William Henderson—viz:

| | |
|-----------------|--------------|
| Seth Snow | £4 6s 7d 3f |
| William Maynard | £1 0s 0d 0f |
| Samuel Brewer | £0 7s 11d 0f |
| John Warren | £1 3s 2d 0f |
| Abner Morse | £0 17s 0d 0f |
| John Thomson | £0 5s 5d 0f |
| Phineas Mann | £0 16s 4d 0f |
| Jonas Knight | £6 14s 0d 0f |

| | |
|----------------|--------------------|
| Phineas Moore | £0 9s 0d 0f |
| Joseph Bellows | £0 5s 5d 0f |
| Total | <hr/> £16 5s 4d 3f |

In the war of 1812 the citizens of Paxton were zealous as they were in the Revolutionary days, for on August 12th, 1812 a town meeting was held, at which Nathaniel Crocker, and Braddyl Livermore were appointed delegates to a County Convention to consider the affairs of the State and Nation. At the same meeting a committee was elected, consisting of Nathan Swan, Nathaniel Lakin, David Davis, Jr., Braddyl Livermore, and Jonathan P. Grosvenor to draw up resolutions to be forwarded to the President. The records of the town contain no further items of importance concerning this second war with Great Britain. In the war between the states the citizens of Paxton responded heartily to the call of the National Government. The first man to enlist was Edward E. Monroe, who enlisted April 18, 1865, three days after President Lincoln issued the call for volunteers. He was followed by:

| | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| Henry A. Allen | Ambrose Eames |
| Simon C. Abbott | Charles O. Goodnow |
| Henry G. Bigelow | O. J. Goodnow |
| Charles G. Bigelow | Alwin S. Graton |
| Henry A. W. Blackburn | Charles A. Harrington |
| George R. Browning | Samuel A. Harrington |
| Henry A. Browning | George M. Harris |
| William F. Browning | Samuel W. Harris |
| George P. Browning | Ward Harris |
| Charles Butler | James Holmes |
| Isaac J. Bowen | John Holmes, Jr. |
| Herbert Cheney | Hollis W. Howe |
| Wallace S. Chase | George R. Hubbard |
| Daniel Cummings | Michael Karrivian |
| John A. Cummings | William E. Keep |
| Everett W. Conant | Sylvester Larivee |
| Alanson H. Dodge, | Solomon K. Maynard |
| George W. Dodd | Nathan E. Monroe |

Frank W. Mulligan
 John S. Mills
 Alvin S. Nichols
 Samuel A. Newton
 Nahan Newton
 Erastus W. Newton
 Charles H. Newton
 Cyprus Osland
 George O. Pierce
 John D. Pierce
 William F. Pike

Hiram D. Parkhurst
 Charles H. Parker
 John S. Pratt
 Edward F. Pratt
 Albert Pratt
 Isaac R. Savage
 Walter Shaw
 John W. Smith
 Henry C. Ward
 William Ware

In addition to these men:

Chas. E. Graton
 George F. Cheney
 Samuel Stratton
 George W. Brown

James D. Butler
 Edward D. Bigelow
 Benjamin F. Ware
 Charles A. Bemis

and William M. Warren, citizens of Paxton, enlisted elsewhere. Twenty of the citizens of Paxton gave their lives for the defense of the nation. To their memory the town in 1871 dedicated the monument standing upon the Common.

A special town meeting was held on Tuesday, November 22d, 1864. The town voted a committee of five to be chosen by ballot to complete arrangements to celebrate the Centennial—David G. Davis, William Mulligan, Henry Slade, John Partridge, Ralph E. Bigelow. The committee was authorized to spend a reasonable sum for the services of such persons as might be needed to deliver orations on said day of celebration and to notify all natives of the town. The anniversary was observed on the fourteenth day of June, 1865, and from what I have read and learned from some who were here on that occasion, it was most fittingly observed. Whether any of those whose names I find in the account of the celebration still survive, I do not know. I knew personally the following: Capt. John D. Cogswell of Leicester, who led the Leicester Band, a man 6 ft. 4 in. in height and of fine proportions; Joseph A. Denny of Leicester, Loammi Harrington and David Manning, of Worcester; and William Mulligan of Paxton. Finer types of men than these never existed.

"They cannot be where God is not on any sea or shore,
Thanks be to God that such have been although they are no more"

In 1820 John Partridge established a boot factory and carried on the business for many years. Lakin and Bigelow also carried on the business for many years, succeeded by Mr. Bigelow and his son John, under the name of R. E. Bigelow & Son. Mr. Bigelow worked with his men and I remember him on my visits to his shop, standing at his bench with apron on, cutting the upper leather by patterns laid upon it. His countenance seemed to radiate a perpetual benediction. Genial and just to all, treating his employees as fellow workmen; no quarrels about wages or hours of labor between him and them, he deserved the fortune he made, and he died much regretted by all who knew him. Settlements between him and his workmen were made each 6 months. A short time after his decease the shop was burned and the business was continued for a time by his son John, and I believe afterward by George Dodd and Henry C. Ward, sons-in-law. Since that time agriculture has been the business of the inhabitants of Paxton, a business more and more recognized as worthy of the highest intelligence and energy.

Aside from the Religious Society worshipping in this place, there have been the American Social and Debating Club of Paxton, Soldiers' Memorial Association, established March 3, 1883. Its last meeting recorded was held May 30, 1892, and the Village Improvement Society. I should not consider I had done my duty did I content myself with the mere mention of the "American Social and Debating Club of Paxton" more often called the Paxton Lyceum, for it filled an important place in the social life of this town for thirty years. To it I owe much, and I know I voice the sentiments of many here present in paying a tribute to it for its usefulness.

On Saturday, the 20th day of February, 1864, twenty-six persons met and formed a Club, which was named the American Social and Debating Club of the town of Paxton, and on February 26th, 1864 adopted the constitution and by-laws for its government with the following, which I quote as worthy of being noted:

"Whereas it is necessary in order to fit ourselves for the vari-

ous duties of life to cultivate a correct mode of speaking, and to qualify ourselves by practice to express opinions in public in a correct manner, and whereas the extensions of our information upon all subjects calculated to improve the mind is highly commendable and as expressions so abundantly provided that these things can in no other way be so speedily accomplished as by forming a Club for such a purpose.

Wherefor, we the undersigned have organized a Club and have adopted for our government the following Constitution, by-laws, rules and regulations:

Article 2. The object of this Club shall be the improvement of all connected with it in debating, social advancement, and general literature. Section 2 of these by-laws provided this Club shall meet annually on the 22d of February to celebrate the birthday of the father of our country at such place as the Club may direct."

This by-law was faithfully followed for many years, and during my connection with it and so far as my recollection of it is concerned, celebrated usually with a play and social time afterwards. At each meeting a question was proposed for debate at the next meeting of the Club and principal disputants were appointed. A committee was appointed to decide upon the weight of the argument and the merits of the question. After the principal disputants had spoken, discussion of the question was open to the house for a limited time.

The first question the Club debated was: "Are debating socials more beneficial than injurious?" and Dr. George O. Warner, Henry Allen, Charles Dodd, and S. W. Stratton held to the affirmative, and Horace H. Bryant, George S. Lakin, L. S. Walker, Charles G. Bigelow in the negative. Usually there were songs, recitations, and readings during the evening. Its last meeting was held on the 24th day of January, 1895 and where it would appear by the records that the cash and other property remaining in the hands of the Society was distributed, I understand that the Society merged practically into what is now the Village Improvement Society, which is still in existence. So far as I know, the

only one now living in the town who was active in the affairs of the society is Henry H. Pike.

Among those who impressed me as good debaters I mention William Mulligan, Ledyard Bill and Henry H. Pike. I always listened to them with interest and profit. Some time since, I heard Mr. Pike speak before a Legislative Committee in Worcester on the matter of the extension of the tracks of the Electric Railway through Paxton and I am sure he could never have so ably argued the needs of his town in the premises had he not been a member of the Lyceum.

At the annual town meeting held March 2, 1891 under Article 4, the voters considered the matter of a telephone for the use of the citizens. The records of the town do not show that any specific appropriation was made for the purpose, but my recollection is that payments were made out of the contingent expense account. The citizens contributed money, materials and work, and telephone connection made with the outside world to the great convenience of the residents of the village.

Paxton has not been lacking in those whose interest extended beyond their earthly existence, and they have left substantial proofs of their affection for their birthplace. On the fifteenth day of February, 1881, the will of Simon Allen of Paxton was probated and in it he provided: "After the decease of my wife Emily I give and devise all of the real estate and personal property remaining at her decease to the Town of Paxton, State of Massachusetts to be held in trust by the said town and placed at interest till such time as the principal and interest shall amount to the sum of \$2000, when it is my will that the same shall be expended in the erection of a Town Hall and said hall to be known as Allen Hall and shall be under the control of the town."

At the annual town meeting held on the 5th day of March, 1888, Article 14 voted that the town take the proceeds of the Allen fund and the town pay back to the said fund the amount taken from the principal of said fund with interest and that enough more be added thereto to make the sum returned \$1000 which, together with the Allen fund shall (be) used to build a new town hall, and Levi Smith was chosen a committee to report a committee of five

for building committee: Ledyard Bill, William Brown, Alvin S. Graton, Edward P. Keep, and Henry S. Pike, and it was further voted to instruct the building committee to prepare plans and to advertise and receive proposals for building the town hall, and if the bids are in their judgment favorable they can accept the same and make contracts "and to have power to purchase a location for a town hall and to put in a foundation."

At a meeting, May 10th, 1888, the town voted to raise the sum of \$700 in addition to that already raised, to complete the town hall; also voted that \$100 of it be raised the coming year, 1889, and \$200 a year until all is paid. At a meeting, September 13th, 1888, the town raised \$1200 to complete and furnish the hall.

The first town meeting was held on Tuesday, the 6th day of November, 1888 for the election of National and State officers, the first meeting of the voters of the town of Paxton to be called at any other place than in this building for one hundred and twenty-one years. Andrew Jackson Howe, a celebrated physician of another state willed to the Town of Paxton the farm where he was born, where Deacon Josiah Keep lived for many years. Later, Charles D. Boynton bequeathed to the City of Worcester his farm for a park, but with the provision that the citizens of Paxton should have equal rights and privileges therein with the citizens of Worcester, provided also for the erection of a fireproof building in which to keep the town records and in order that the town might not suffer by the loss of taxes formerly assessed on his real estate, left the bulk of his personal property to the town, the income of which he directed should be used "to reduce the burden of taxation."

Mention should also be made of the gift of William Mulligan of his portrait, and of Ledyard Bill of the portrait of Charles Paxton.

At a special town meeting, Monday, August 28th, 1911, under article 3 of the warrant, "to see if the town will appropriate a sum to light the streets by electricity," it was voted to pass over the article, but previous notice having been given, a motion was made to reconsider this article and to choose a committee of three to report three weeks from this date at 7.30—committee, Daniel W. Graton, Charles H. Derby, and George H. Johnson.

At the adjourned meeting on the 8th day of September, 1911, the committee reported, but I presume the report was not in writing as I could not find it among the records.

Under Article 29 of the warrant for the annual town meeting held March 4, 1912, "to see if the town will choose to have electric lighting for the town of Paxton and if any action would be taken, a committee was chosen consisting of Charles H. Derby, George H. Johnson, and Edward E. Eames.

At the annual town meeting held March 3, 1913, the matter of lighting the streets by electricity was taken up and a committee chosen consisting of Edward E. Eames, Charles H. Derby and Henry H. Pike. Four weeks from that date, at an adjourned meeting held March 31, 1913, Edward E. Eames of the committee made a report and W. D. Thompson, electrical engineer, gave a report as to the cost of constructing and maintaining a municipal lighting plant.

A special town meeting was called on the 11th day of April, 1913, and Article 2 was considered—"to see whether the voters of the town of Paxton will authorize the town of Paxton to acquire the plant for the manufacture and distribution of electricity as provided in Section 1, Chapter 34 of the revised laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and Acts of the Amendment thereof." The article was lost, owing to a ruling by the Moderator, but on the third day of May, 1913, at a special town meeting, the town voted to construct and maintain within its limits a plant for the distribution of electricity for furnishing lights for municipal use for lighting and power except for use of cars, for its inhabitants, and a committee consisting of the Board of Selectmen, Fred L. Durgin, Clarence A. Rossier, Edward E. Eames, Arthur W. Dwyer and Daniel N. Wentworth were chosen, and under their supervision a plant for the distribution of electricity for light and power was constructed.

I find in the town report for the year ending February 1, 1915 that \$1,295 was subscribed by public spirited citizens and residents to aid the enterprise. I would be very glad to see the town where I now live follow this town's example and own an electric plant.

Time did not permit me to enter more minutely into the subject than I have, and very likely I have left out some things some one may think I ought to have mentioned. I trust my failures may be looked upon with leniency and my contribution to this celebration be judged by my good intent rather than my accomplishment.

It may not be amiss to glance over the fifty years which have elapsed since the centennial and to briefly recount the progress of our age. Fifty years have seen our nation more than double its population and its *per capita* wealth, cars propelled and streets lighted by electricity, the telephone, wireless telegraphy, the submarine fighting ship, the aeroplane—mighty strides onward in all the arts and sciences. In view of all this, who shall dare to say we have reached the highest point that civilization can attain?

May we hold ever before us the deeds of those who established our nation, their courage and perseverance, their conquest of the wilderness, planting churches, schools and colleges, their firm defense of rights against oppressive laws, and may we, heirs of their accomplishment, reaping in joy where they sowed in tears, transmit to those who shall come after us, the Commonwealth they founded and loved, broadened and made more useful by a like devotion.

Let this anniversary and other anniversary occasions quicken public spirit and renew in us and all a determination to pledge anew our love and loyalty to our Commonwealth.

ADDRESS OF REV. W. H. PHIPPS

In response to the toast, "Paxton, the home of our early days, may its remembrance be as dear to those who shall come after us as it has been to ourselves."

As I was on my way to Paxton this morning my sister told me a little incident of a cousin, five years old, who said to his mother, "Mother, I love you." "You do?" said the mother. "What is love?" The little fellow replied, "Love is something which makes us awful happy." Now I think it must be the love of Paxton and of the people whom we meet here today which makes us all so "awful happy."

Dear old Paxton, one hundred and fifty years old, and yet you are not hoary with age and wizzled and decrepit like some of us, but you have grown beautiful in your old age.

A young lady once said to her fiance, "Do you think you can love me when I grow old and ugly?" He replied, "O, you'll never look uglier than you do now." This might have been said of Paxton fifty years ago. "You'll never look uglier than you do now." Certainly she has greatly improved in looks and is much more beautiful. I look at the Green, now beautifully shaded by large trees, and think of it as it was fifty years ago with a fence around it and young trees not large enough to afford any refreshing shade. South of the Green stood the old Tavern which looked ancient and dilapidated and the line of sheds and barns where the stage always stopped and changed horses.

On the west side of the Green was a spot which always left the impression of being a place for rubbish—a sort of Gehenna—and now we see upon it your fine town hall and dwelling houses. There are those here who will remember the old schoolhouse, a very plain building, painted with sand on the outside so that we boys could not immortalize our names, with our jackknives, and the inside was never painted nor even whitewashed that I can remember and the architecture of the desks was such that every

boy felt it his duty to carve new figures upon them. I understand that the old building was moved and has been made over into one of the dwelling houses on the West Side of the Green.

Many pictures of my life in Paxton remain in my mind to this day. I can see the places where, in the winter, the deep snow drifts blocked the roads, and the fields where, in summer, we picked berries. As I came this morning I said to my brother as we overlooked the Bottomly's pond (as we called it in those days) "There is one of the places where we used to fish." I should like to follow once more the old Woodward brook down through the woods in the hope of catching a trout.

Then I recall how I used to stand by the fence at the parsonage and the pleasure and awe with which I would watch the gathering storm clouds in the west. I don't know of any place where I have been where I could see the thunder storms rolling up from their very beginning as from this place.

Here still stands the old church, almost the same as in my boyhood days, the center of the town and the center of its higher life, and I trust it will ever be looked upon as the center of the Christian life of those who come after us. I remember when quite young I lingered behind the other boys of my Sunday School class, over there on the west side of the church where Mr. Charles Smith was my teacher and told him that I hoped I was a Christian. Then some years after that when Mr. William Gray died, whose son and daughter are here today, I recall the deep impression which his death left upon me for I felt that the church had met with a great loss and I knew that my father valued him highly for his Christian character and though he was not a man with whom I ever conversed, I felt that I must consecrate my life anew to God that I might in some way fill his place in the work of the church.

We never know what influences our lives are exerting on others, but there may be those among the young people here today who, fifty years from now, will hold in their minds precious memories of their younger days when they felt the influences of some of you who now are active members of this church, and when they received instruction here which has ennobled their lives and helped them to be faithful Christians.

SPEECH DELIVERED BY W. D. HOWE

"LEST WE FORGET"

A smart young school boy was once asked by his teacher to explain what his memory was.

He answered, "My memory is the thing I forget with."

How many of us could well have given the same answer. Our memories are the faculty whereby we forget. And forgetting, we only show that we are human.

I know a man who seldom, if ever, forgets. His mind is a wonder—a cold, inflexible machine. Sympathy is a stranger to his nature. He is an intolerable bore.

My wife forgets—sometimes. My mother-in-law occasionally forgets; likewise most of my lady relations, and I honor them for it. I should be afraid of any woman who never forgot, and distrustful of her disposition. In imagination I picture her as a militant shrew.

David Harum used to say that a certain amount of flees was good for a dog. By the same token I maintain that a certain amount of forgetting is good for humans. It's a sign of their normal human nature. We feel a kinship, a kind of bond of sympathy with those who forget—once in a while.

If I were only occasionally forgetful, I should have nothing more to say. But we are not, unfortunately, only occasionally forgetful. Human nature in this gasoline age has become almost habitually forgetful.

We are forgetful of the old folks at home. We are unmindful of the old home town, and the scenes of our younger days; of the old schoolhouse and the wholesome lessons we learned there, forgetful of the old church with its fine old patterns of right living. Many of us who remembered our Creator in the days of our youth have forgotten Him in our older days.

In the stress and confusion of modern times, with our manifold interests and complex cares and responsibilities, our minds

are accustomed to dwell only upon the present and to think not of the past. We fail to recall the old friends. The memory of former loved ones grows dim. We are engrossed in business and pleasures. We are thoughtless and absent minded.

Some of us are not unlike one of my old college preceptors, our professor of biology whose custom it was to bring into the class room different specimens of animal life with which to illustrate points in his lectures. One afternoon when we had been studying the circulation, he had secured a live frog and placed it in his side pocket carefully protected by his handkerchief. Arriving at the point in the lesson which he wished to illustrate he said, "Now, I can help you young gentlemen to understand this great truth better by having you observe with me this living frog." And thereupon he reached into his pocket, took out the handkerchief containing the imprisoned frog, slowly separated the folds and discovered—a ham sandwich. The good professor was greatly perplexed, and finally murmured, "I had my lunch."

An amusing case of forgetfulness was related to me recently by a friend of mine who had just returned from the West. It aptly illustrates the poor memories possessed by some of our present day professional men.

The story goes that the Honorable James Carson and the Honorable Thomas Butler, composing the prominent and highly successful law firm of Carson and Butler, in a certain Indiana town, had been friends from boyhood. When death finally came to Jim Carson, it seemed eminently fitting that his old friend, Tom Butler, should speak at the funeral.

Now, the Honorable Thomas Butler was an eloquent speaker, brilliant and convincing, but a man who was singularly forgetful, and who was lacking particularly in the faculty of recalling names. Realizing his handicap, it was his custom to jot down names and data on a slip of paper, which previous to speaking he pinned under the lapel of his coat. Prepared thus on the occasion of his old partner's funeral, he arose to speak.

"Dear friends, who share with me this load of unspeakable sorrow, most humbly and reverently would I add my few inadequate words of tribute to the precious memory of my dearest

friend and beloved associate, (pause—and referring to coat lapel)—the Honorable James Carson.

“Yet, why should I speak? Why tell you, dear friends, his life story of great, good deeds, so well known to you all? Recalling his many virtues, his courtesy, his generosity, his tenderness to all, his strict regard for the truth and unswerving honesty, I cannot but call to mind the exemplary character enshrined in the hearts of all true Americans, of that first great gentleman of the young nation,—(pause, and again referring to his coat lapel) George Washington.

“Nay, as I gaze for the last time upon these dear rugged features, and see the lines prematurely cut by early hardships, I realize a greater and more sublime side of my old partner’s nature. Who among us has not felt better for having grasped at some time the big hand, and been cheered by the warmth of the sweet smile that broke through the homely barrier? Rather might I most liken him to that man who above all others in the history of this great nation has stood for simplicity and rugged homely strength, that sainted hero and martyr, (pause—referring to coat lapel) Abraham Lincoln.

“The book of his earthly deeds is closed and we bow impotently to the will that caused to be written the grim word ‘finale.’ Words are useless; lamentations, vain to alter the immutable fact. Ours is the privilege to rejoice that having for a time bided in our midst, he has passed on leaving us better, and happier, and spiritually enriched. His, the great reward, incomprehensible to mortal mind. But, in that eternal kingdom where his soul now dwells we know that he enjoys all blessings with (pause—referring to coat lapel)—God Almighty!”

It is to me a great privilege to join with you in this birthday celebration of the town in which my father was born. In appearing before you, I would voice the feelings of the younger generation to whom Paxton has been until the present day a dim and distant memory.

It is well, we forgetful sons feel, to be reminded of what has been done for us by our ancestors. It is well to think of them and

to commemorate their memory, and to thank them in this way for all their courage, for all their toil.

We feel that it is well to have impressed afresh upon our minds the deeds of those who have gone before us,—into the land of shadows.

For myself, I beg to thank your committee, and especially the very able Secretary of your committee, for the privilege granted me of participating in this memorable celebration.



HOTEL KENILWORTH

REMARKS BY OTIS COLE

Formerly an Acting Pastor

In response to the toast—"The Influence of the Church and Sunday School."

It is historically evident that the men and women who began the building of homes on these great slopes of the hills in what was later made the town of Paxton were sturdy in body and mind,

lovers of truth and right, and exhibited at early date desire and purpose to have the large vantage of a Meeting House as the center of Christian teaching and life.

That worthy past is memorable and secure, but what can be said, at this time of especial public interest, of the present and the future in this most important matter? If to day, or to morrow, a minister of the Gospel should appear to be the immediate need of the township, could a worthy well-qualified man be found among your homes as in the early day to which attention has been called by the interesting, instructive, and well-balanced historic address of Mr. Perry?

Rev. Silas Biglow, Paxton's first Pastor, was one of its citizens and was called to his high, sacred office and work by his neighbors. His brief service of two years won for him eulogy that may be read on the headstone at his grave shadowed quietly by the House in which he preached the Gospel to the people: "A man of Excellent Spirit in whom Dwelt the sincere Christian and real Friend much Beloved by his kind people in life, in Death Greatly Lamented."

The need and value of the Church and its School for the study of the Bible are as real in this age of the electric light as in the earlier one of the tallow dip. Hence, I appeal to all on this Anniversary Day to pledge loyalty to the Christian Church, to devote more than a tithe of their earnings, aye, to devote themselves, giving themselves to the Lord of all. In His Name I challenge you, men and women of Paxton, to pledge each other henceforth to Christian discipleship. I challenge you to toil, mutual toil, for the continued and larger benefits of the Church and Sunday School and so for the higher welfare of your children, for advance in worthy civic life in your historic town, and in all that makes for righteousness and human weal in time and eternity.

And upon you each and all I reverently pray the blessing of God.

ANNIVERSARY POEM

BY GEORGE MAYNARD.

O Mother Town of ours, this day
Brings joy and pride to thee;
And radiant smiles upon thy brow
Our eyes with pleasure see.

Paxton! thy name sounds sweet to us,
Thy children gathered here,
On this, thy anniversary day,
To show our love sincere.

We lay our tributes at thy feet,
Fair town that gave us birth;
Our eyes no holier, lovelier spot
May ever see on earth.

A hundred years their course have run,
And half a hundred more,
And still, as when thy life began
In the far days of yore,—

Still from thy heights thou lookest down
Serene and calm and fair,
And beauty's bright and fadeless crown
Benignly thou dost wear!

Thy long and varied history
Our minds recall today,—
A record clear and bright, that shall
Be proudly read for aye.

To us thou art the mother town,—
But sprung from others still,—
Rutland and Leicester, each as fair,—
Each throned upon a hill.

Today, with one united voice,
A daughter's name they bless,
And send their greetings unto her
Enrobed in gala dress.

In peace and love through all these years,
Their paths lay side by side,—
And they have watched each other's course
With mingled joy and pride.

And Leicester's glory,—Rutland's fame,—
Have been to her as dear
As the maternal ties that bind
The souls of mortals here.

Paxton! the years have left thee young,
Though long their flight has been,—
And days of peace and days of war
Full many thou hast seen.

The days that tried our father's souls,
And found them true as gold,—
The days of civil strife that showed
Their sons as true and bold.

The patriot blood that dyed the soil
Of Bunker's far-famed height,
When Major Willard Moore gave up
His life for truth and right,

Found its response in later years,
When those we loved full well
For Union and for Liberty
In the great conflict fell,

Dying upon the field of strife,
Or where disease and pain
From hospital or prison-pen
Called them to death's long train.

The old town,—old, yet ever young,—
Has seen more busy days,
When manufacturers in her midst
Flourished like verdant bays.

The great shops vanished, but they left
Bright memories behind;
And Paxton still has mines of wealth
Her future sons shall find,—

Her fresh, pure air, her scenes to charm
The eye that beauty loves,—
Her calm, blue lakes, her limpid streams,
Green hills and verdant groves.

Her broad, productive acres still,
As in the days of yore,
Wait on the hill or in the vale
The farmer evermore.

The spirit of the olden day
Still animates her sons;
Her daughters still are fair and true,
As were her earliest ones.

But many a son's or daughter's feet
Have wandered from her side,
And left their imprint on the sands
Of time, both far and wide.

Illustrious names we might recall,
Whose deeds the world has blessed,—
Men, women, cradled on these hills,
And fit for life's great test,—

Who, in the century and a half,
That now has passed and flown,
Have in this land and other lands
Seed for rich harvests sown.

Here on this hilltop, heavenward
The old church lifts its spire,
To catch the morning's earliest beam
Or sunset's fading fire.

This ancient fame our fathers reared
In pious love to God
Holds memories of many a scene,
When its fair aisles were trod.

By those who nevermore will walk
These earthly paths again,—
Pastors and people resting now
From labor or from pain.

The old spire's shadow softly falls
Where many of them rest
In that "God's Acre" lying fair
On yon green hillside's breast.

The hills in summer beauty robed
Make Paxton fair to see;
But one among them evermore
The stateliest shall be.

From Asnebumskit's summit once
The Indian watchfires sent
Their far-flung signals o'er the land,
When peace or war was meant.

Now *all* is peace,—these hills and vales
Lie in that placid calm
From which we trust they nevermore
Will wake at war's alarm.

May Paxton from her vantage-ground look down
On the great city rising at her feet
Serenely, and content to ever be
Youthful, brave-hearted, beautiful and sweet!

And may her children, through the centuries' flight,
Pursue a peaceful and a prosperous way,
Putting their trust in Him within whose sight
A thousand years are only as a day.

ADDRESS OF DANIEL W. LINCOLN

In response to toast, "Worcester."—Nestled closely to her as we are, on these grand old hills, we predict for our future, a continuation of the city to our midst.

Mr. Chairman, etc.

As I stand before you in the shoes and rattling around, so to speak, in the somewhat ample clothes of Colonel Winslow, in the hopeless attempt to fill them adequately, feeling that some of you are here, perhaps, in the hopes of seeing that gifted statesman and orator, I think of the story Colonel Winslow told me a month or so ago.

He said he was walking along Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington this winter with two democratic congressmen when they chanced to meet the late lamented secretary of state, William Jennings Bryan. As they passed one of the congressmen said to Mr. Bryan,

"How are you, Mr. Secretary?"

After they had gone by, the other congressman remarked:

"You made a mistake, Mr. Congressman; you said, 'How are you'; you should have said, 'Why are you Mr. Secretary?'"

Well, as I have been listening to the excellent and able responses that have preceded me, and have glanced at the program and have noted the name of Mr. Winslow who is there scheduled to reply to this last toast, I have been thinking of that story and wondering whether in your disappointment, and possible disgust, as you saw me rise to take the place of the absentee, you would not be saying to yourselves in paraphrase somewhat of the words and accent of the story, "Why, are *you* Mr. Congressman?"

Unfortunately I am not a congressman, not to mention your congressman, but only a hopeful aspirant to the position recently held by the late Robert M. Washburn, and if you were only voters of Ward 10 I should certainly make use of this opportunity to request your patronage next fall.

The sentiment to which I rise to respond is somewhat impressive and it is difficult to know how to make adequate and fitting reply.

Mayor Wright will, I suppose, bear you official greetings from the city down below you. He brings the greetings of the present. You have heard from Mr. Perry the history of the past, and it is perhaps fitting as a younger man, that I am asked to respond to a toast of the future and it is in this connection that I will now venture to give my few remarks.

As I see how successfully your 150th anniversary celebration progresses and anticipating to a slight extent the future, it is not out of place to give you a hint concerning your 200th anniversary. Down in Worcester we are getting somewhat proficient in that regard, for celebrating our 200th anniversary is becoming, with us, quite a habit. We celebrated our 200th anniversary of the first settlement of Worcester in 1874, again we celebrated the 200th anniversary of the permanent settlement in the fall of 1913, and I understand that we are again to celebrate the 200th anniversary of Worcester as a Town in the year 1922. It is easy when you once get the hang of it, but it is none too soon for you to begin preparations.

So you see we of Worcester can still tell you of Paxton at least something, and yet, as it has been said of the Bostonians, you can always tell a Boston man, but you cannot tell him much.

And so there is not much, after all, I can tell you.

Paxton is undoubtedly now on the road of prosperous development; yet these recent signs of progress which we notice are not so unexpected. Mr. Ledyard Bill, in his history of Paxton written some twenty-five years ago, pointed out that the then rather neglected hill town, was bound to come into its own sometime, and this at not too distant an epoch, and he predicted the manner of the change precisely as that change has so visibly taken place, and which is rapidly linking the town with the city, and one which will be of mutual advantage.

The prosperity of Worcester is closely allied with the development of its surrounding towns. If this prosperity lies in the development of suburban districts, where the workers of the city

can find almost unlimited opportunities for healthy and uncrowded homes, surely the city in a wider sense cannot but be benefited. Such conditions are to be found in this beautiful region. And conversely a well to do and vigorous new population cannot but add to the prosperity of Paxton.

The rendering accessible of the remoter towns, through the coming of the Ford and the automobile, is a most welcome sign to Paxton. Your population will be of the best that the city can send and we have a good class of population in Worcester at that.

It is, after all, not wholly an unfortunate condition which has left this town without manufacturing industries. Far better to fill these hills with suburban homes, than the ugly factories such as are found through the Blackstone valley. The going of the old Boot & Shoe industry from here is then not an unmixed evil.

The future looms bright for you, as these high hills and its beautiful country are now at last coming into their own, to enjoy the prosperity which so rightly belongs to them, and this will be indeed in part at least by the continuation of the city to your midst.

RESPONSE BY FANNIE PHIPPS CLARK

SENTIMENT

TO THE LADIES OF PAXTON

*"May the fragrance of their memory be dispensed through
all the century to come."*

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood
In Paxton, the little town build 'mongst the hills!
With black eyes and brown curls my fleet feet went strolling,
To church and to school amid heat and cold chills.

With playmates so happy I gathered arbutus,
With glee we hung May baskets on the front door.
At noon and at nine the old bell in the belfry
Told us the time. And what wanted we more?

And one thing I know that made us so happy,
Was the Ladies of Paxton, so gifted and sweet.
What a charmed row of faces now passes before me,
As I think of the homes along many a street.

The Ladies of Paxton! what a chorus of singers
At church and at singing-school, aye, everywhere!
It almost seems now that from angelic choirs,
Their voices come floating to us through the air.

In the half-circle choir can't you see the dear faces?
Mrs. Goodnow and Parker, Boynton, Monrow,
Mrs. Howard and Newton, and some of the daughters
Two Claras and Roxa,—some sang high and some low.

Sophia and Phronie and Marion and Mary,
Susie and Isadore, Phebe Bigelow, too,
And later came my mates that helped swell the chorus.
And others, today, just the same thing will do.

The Ladies of Paxton! some were not singers
But quietly sat down stairs in the pew.
The Harringtons, Bigelows, Howes and the Pierces,
Mrs. Gray, and the Keeps, Mrs. Conant, so true.

Ah! well I remember those Women of Paxton!
They were Women of Prayer and therefore of power.
How earnest they prayed in that parsonage parlor
For missions, for children in that Mother's hour.

Thus dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood.
I am proud I can say I was native born there.
Far hence be the day when beloved old Paxton
Lacks Ladies of Song and Women of Prayer.

POEM BY E. P. KEEP

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AT PAXTON

Back in colonial times it rose
A new town in the State,
Seventeen sixty-five the year;
This is the anniversary date.

The early settlers here were men
Of valiant hearts and true;
Their women folks were comely dames,
Though dressed in homespun blue.

They cleared the woods and tilled their fields
And wooed the virgin soil,
And smiling harvests soon repaid
Their hard and patient toil.

The women and the children, too,
All had their share of work;
They had to hustle lively then,
And none had time to shirk.

They built a church and schoolhouse, too,
To train their children dear,
Where parsons' themes and masters' rods
Oft filled their hearts with fear.

They took their place on battlefields
Against tyranny's great power,
And never feared to face the foe
Or hear the cannon roar.

Through Revolution's long, dark years
They held their loyal way,
But when Cornwallis cried, "Enough,"
There dawned a brighter day.

Then freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her banner to the air;
She tore the British robe of might,
And set the stars of glory there.

And then came years of growth in peace,
And plenty filled the land,
And towns and cities fair arose
Far round on every hand.

But clouds were gathering in the sky,
And darkening in the South
Like thunder storms in August days
That break a summer drouth.

And then our soldiers sprang to arms
To humble treason's pride,
And o'er those bloody battlefields
They moved with martial stride.

Four years of war, then peace again,
And fifty years have passed
Since Appomattox's pact was signed,
And Slavery died at last.

In all these great historic deeds
Our town has had its share;
It's always done its duty well,
The record's clean and fair.

And so we're here with you today
To celebrate the past;
One hundred fifty years have gone;
This day has come at last.

We bring you greetings here today,
Bright hopes for years to come;
We'll always think of Paxton hills,
Our dear old early home.

RESPONSE BY HENRY STREETER

BRISTOL, INDIANA

“The Natives of Paxton—Though so unfortunate as to have been allowed no choice of birthplace, yet will Paxton never be sorry that their parents chose for them, and chose so wisely.”

The sentiment assigned me seems to require an effort to maintain two things—First, that it is unfortunate that we did not have any choice as to our birthplace. I fancy this would be no easy task under any circumstances, and surely it is an impossible one here, for however convincing my argument, my friends one and all would say that if Henry Streeter could not exercise better judgment in the choice of a birthplace than he has in a good many things since he was born, it is just as well that he had no choice in the matter.

The second part of my subject presents no difficulty. Not sorry that our parents chose Paxton as our birthplace. No! a thousand times, No! If you were living in the Middle West, and knew as I do of the great numbers who seek the beautiful hills and valleys of New England every summer, who love these picturesque landscapes, blue skies, and invigorating atmosphere; who find ever-increasing enjoyment in travelling over these lovely highways at whose every winding some new surprise of beauty greets the eye, then you would realize the more deeply how great is the privilege of having been born and reared on these hills.

There is a yet deeper reason for being glad that Paxton is our native town. To my mind this splendid occasion is given a most gratifying completeness by the presence of two sons and two daughters of the Rev. William Phipps. For forty years, as poet, musician, scholar, theologian, and, highest of all, as faithful pastor of this church and spiritual guide of the community, this eminent clergyman held an honored place in the affairs of Paxton.

Just north of this church stands the house which in those days was the parsonage.

I am sure we all are very glad that house has come into the possession of Mr. Ellis G. Richards, who, in keeping with his general policy of improving Paxton, has preserved and beautified this venerable home, but, happily, in such a way as not to have altered much its original form.

There it stands today, a monument to the beautiful Christian domestic life of the family of William Phipps—where the parents did all they could for their children, where plain living and high thinking were habitual, where, daily, united prayer brought spiritual blessing, and praise carried the soul heavenward.

Happily the precious qualities of this home were maintained in many others.

Able men, men of affairs, have addressed this assemblage. What they are is due in no small measure to the prevailing home life in Paxton years ago.

The mention of the names Phipps, Cole, Fairbanks, Robinson, Flint, Perry, Keep, Clark, Davis, and the thought of other names that are in your memories, ought to suggest, not so much individuals as homes, homes where parents tried and tried hard to help their children,—tried in their fullness of strength, and did not stop trying even in the weakness of advancing years.

That sweet disposition of self-sacrifice is the high and spiritual element which in our eyes illumines these hills and valleys, and gives their beauty a deeper meaning.

Because of that, above all else, we love Paxton, and will never be sorry it is our native Town.

PAXTON OF THE HILLS

150TH ANNIVERSARY, JUNE 30, 1915

Not often,—Friends,—such marvel may we know
Of boyish Poet,—Fifty Years ago,—
Returned at end of Fifty more,—t'rehearse
With thanks to God, another strain of verse!
To sing, once more, the glories of a place
I've loved since childhood's sun shone on my face.

Dear, Quiet Village,—perched on sun-kissed hills,
At thy proud name, thy children know heart-thrills
Such as sweet Robin Redbreast feels in Spring
When 'midst the apple boughs we hear him sing
A hymn which runs,—“How lovely this old town,
Where I have safely reared my nestlings brown
For many a year:—Aye, Fifty, three times o'er,—
And sung its beauty from my heart's deep core!
Winging o'er tranquil streets and sunny fields
Known all the bliss a bird's life ever yields!
Here, airs are pure:—my warbling throat ne'er tires
As up thro' skies so blue my song aspires.
Bright clouds sail over,—gray,—or full of light,—
And oft at eve, to crimson turn, from white.
Ah! but such sunsets! Glory never seen
More brilliant than oft glitters here, at e'en!
What the Italian, or the roseate hue
Tinging the Alps, compared with Paxton's view!
When far horizons glow with bloom out-spread,
Sky-garden flowers! Gold,—sapphire,—purple,—red!
These hills in June the Mountain Laurels grace
And July stains with blueberry pie, each face.

In Paxton's orchards still I'll build my nest,
And trill the songs her children love the best!”

Red Robin flies,—yet echoes still repeat
Her truthful song, which I must now complete.

Old Town! Thou'st nurtured in thy bosom's peace
Six generations, sure, of souls as strong
As ever served their country:—nor will cease
But still wilt nurture as the years prolong,
Good men, fair women,—brave, with hearts of fire
T' inspire the world, and still to re-inspire.
From western bounds to Asnebumskit's crest
Sweet are the homes o'er all these acres blest!

This tall white spire, where hangs Paul Revere's bell,
One cause of this prosperity might tell:—
Now faithful Pastors, year by year, have taught
The Gospel message, and with sacred thought
Have educated conscience,—wills inspired,—
Wrought characters more precious far than gold,
Enriching hearts with virtues most desired,—
Love, and contentment,—yet with courage bold,—
Large charity, and patience,—sincere love of truth.
Training to womanhood and manhood, scores of youth.

Joined too in purpose with the Church in poise
The well-filled Schoolhouse taught its girls and boys
To bear the burdens linked with useful life
Borne by each faithful husband and care-taking wife.
HOMES,—well-kept homes,—the glory of the State!
Such homes alone make Massachusetts great.

A Century and a Half, Time's progress marks today,
Yet Paxton's History's bright the long, long way.
Her orators unfold the simple facts
Bound up in sheaves of well-attested acts.
We need not sing them line by line again,—
To all, our Muse responds with loud Amen!
Her History's safe:—no shame blots the white page
That tells how Paxton falls not back with age.

She's "up to date":—her past ends not the story
Still to be wrought with ne'er decreasing glory.

Cities may *grow*, while country places *stay*:—
But numbers give not happiness, we'll say,—
And sweetest joys still blossom where brooks run,
And country fields bask 'neath the summer sun:—
Where quiet streets enjoy the elm-tree shade,—
Where brains, that build the cities, first are made,—
Where many Great Men,—Rulers of the State,—
Are born and nurtured up to man's estate.
Citified dwellers, too, this lesson learn
And if they can,—back to the country turn.
Choicest of pleasures, fraught with least of harm
They find involved in "buying up a farm."
Tho' many a furrow turned but buries cash,
And golden vase of fortune suffers crash!

What joy to tread beneath one's feet the soil,
Or know the healthful slumber sweet from toil—
Toil beneath bending skies fanned by the breeze,
Not toil o'er ledgers, robbed of nerve and ease,
'Tis work, alike, builds town and city, too,—
But in "God's country," man *best* work can do.
Work that reacts, and blesses laborers more
Than work that spirits crush, in bank or store.
Contentment, too, dwells amid country hills.
And to its brim man's cup with nectar fills.

Sing, Muse, the Farmer's chosen life!
Pure is the joy it yields,
Amid hay-scented, or brown furrowed fields
Afar from city's strife.

At morn he greets the roseate hue
That crowns the hill-tops gray,—
Bravely attacks the varied task of day,
Brushing the silvery dew!

Each morn though fierce th' sultry sky,
Bread by the sweat of brow he earns,—
To dine with eager appetite then turns,
Nor heaves one drooping sigh.

Night shadows gently round him close,
But fine the task his hands have wrought—
Rich harvests will repay,—such prize he sought
Twilight brings sweet repose.

Aye—a Farmer's life is blest,—is't not the best?

God knew, who first placed Adam in a garden
And of that Paradise made him a warden,—
Where 'tis quite likely he'd have stayed for life
Had lying serpent not bewitched his wife!
Thus thorns and briers, since, make farming worse,
Though modern tools go far to lift the curse.

One Hundred Fifty Years! Ah,—can it be
That Paxton such a patriarch life should see?
Brisk little town upon the hills,
Thy cup with joy today o'erfills,
While every heart with rapture thrills
In praise of thee!

Ah! dear to *me* each Paxton street
Where once I ran with swift bare feet,—
Stubbed aching toes 'gainst many a stone,—
Wished Fourth July would oftener come,—
Waded through winter's deep snow-drift,—
Or with my steel-shod sled so swift
Dashed fearless down steep ice-bound hill
Chockful of fun as heart could fill!

Boy life for me,—
Boy yet I'd be,—
What other life so full of glee?
Except a girl's,—just possibly!

Dear, too, the brooks, whence oft my line
Drew forth the spotted trout so fine,—
Or crystal Asnebumskit pond
Where, of its perch and pickerel fond
Full oft along its coves I waited
For darting fish,—my hook well-baited!
Or climbed with huckle-berry pail
Old Turkey Hill, where nested quail,—
In autumn later sought with gun,
And partridge, flushed from paths she'd run.

And now again, I hear the shout
As from the schoolhouse boys rush out,—
Baseball and tag preferred to books
Spite of all teacher's frowning looks.

Ah! but how sports gave place to work!
Boy-life soon stern and serious grew:—
Good Paxton schools ne'er trained a shirk
From duty—or we'll say—but *few*.
(And who were they?—Well, sure, not YOU!)
Nor will, 'till strikes the signal bell
"School is dismissed,—rest, whoe're did well!"

Ah, the many, "resting," yonder
Where white marbles mark their bed:—
Yet to love they've grown but fonder
As we think,—"What lives they led!"
Grass o'er *such* graves grows the greener,
And our full appreciation keener
Of their virtues! Wreaths we lay
On our father's graves today,—
Dear ones! Safe with God, we pray!

With great events the world resounds,
Afar we hear war's awful sounds,
Whole nations change their lawful bounds,—
Yet, 'mid the fierce earth-shaking,
An Era, New, is breaking!

And daze and mystery give us shock:—
Our highest wisdom fools can mock:—
Man cannot turn the key t' unlock
 Gates yet to open wide
 If we God's time abide.

His Temple builds 'mid ruined States
That fall at touch of darksome fates,—
But a New Earth His will creates
 Who overrules all History
 And wields the keys of mystery.

Above the stunning din of wars,
List! "Tis the music, without pause,
That heralds forward Christ's own cause:—
 And Jericho's proud walls, in fear,
 Tremble,—at sound of trumpets near!"

God's Hosts by myriads onward move,
Angels of Mercy and of Love:—
Troops mighty,—armed with power from above
 To win the final victories, sure,
 Of Him whose throne shall e'er endure.

Time's tragedies o'erwhelm the heart,—
By *faith* alone can souls take part
In work that breathes of Highest Art,
 Re-making lives with leaven
 Of Love from Heaven.

All immature our vain ideas,—
Man's judgment fails full oft through fears,—
What can we do?—It scarce appears,—
 Man's but in school,—
 The *Teacher'll* rule!

Yet need of greatness can find place
In humblest homes of lowliest race:—
In burning bush, see God's own face,
 And hear His call
 To duty,—though't appall!

Can one do justice to his higher powers
 In place obscure? 'mid drudgery of hours
 And months and years,—where courage cowers,
 And mind—paralysis might well ensue
 With naught t' inspire, or bravely carry through?

Ah! little Beth'lem,—by rude hillsides bound,—
 Thou'rt not the least 'mong Judah's princes found,
 The Christ of Nations walked thy holy ground,
 And gives thee fame,—
 To Nazareth the same.

And thoughts sublime from stammering lips may break;
 In cabin low, a Lincoln's power awake
 That in the end a Nation's will may shake,
 Give suffering slaves from bondage prompt release,
 Guide thro' a maze of war to glorious peace!

'Tis not in *place* to give a soul renown
 For work well done,—nor be withheld a crown
 Because one hailed but from a country town:—
 Nor town nor city cramps a genuine man
 With heart and will to do the “best he can.”

Our souls on lofty *Hills of Life* should stand
 From thence to see the wider vision grand
 That prophesies a yet more glorious land
 When cruel hate and wars at length shall cease
 To usher in God's own perpetual peace.

Live, Man, upon the hills,—as Paxton lies!
 Learn to view life with unblurred, hopeful eyes,
 In strength and calm of soul,—born of the skies,—
 With *power* that *Man the Immortal* ought to know:—
Grandeur of Being,—void of sham and show!

This now for Paxton, throned upon her hills,—
 Cooling in summer,—iced in winter's chills,—
 Warm hearts and minds she's nurtured, with firm wills,

And this her honor,—MEN and WOMEN true!
Her “CHILDREN rise and call her blessed,” too!

Here's to Paxton! Snows last longer
On her hills,—but ever stronger
Grow her virtues,—ever warmer
May affection cluster round her:—
As past generations found her
Patriotic, true and free,
Paxton, still in honor be!

In some niche up toward the sky
On the monument of Time,—
There, while bells of rapture chime,
Of years One Hundred Fifty safe passed by,—
Place her statue,—place it high,—
(Glorying today's no sin!)
Paxton, that high niche fills in!

Still may Time with silent footstep
Onward lead this Dear Old Town,
'Till yet other Centuried Years
As a Queen her brow shall crown!

Geo. Gardner Phipps.

